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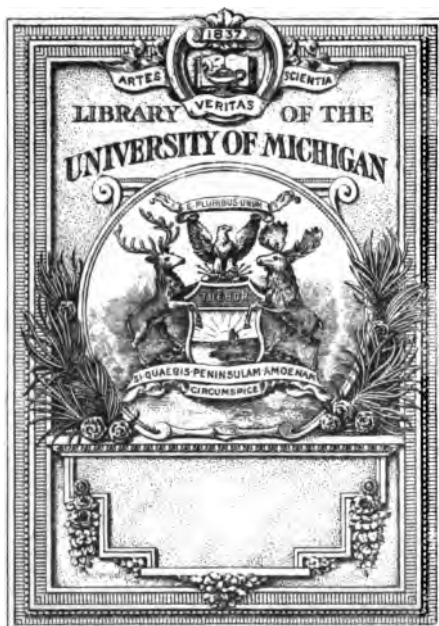
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LIGHT ON THE HILLS

CHARLES C. ALBERTSON

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LIGHT ON THE HILLS

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Light on the Hills

EDITED BY

CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D.D.



PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON

J. B. Lippincott Company

1905

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FOREWORD



POETRY is truer than history. History records what has been seen and heard. The senses are less trustworthy than the feelings. Lyrical poetry expresses what has been felt. The Prophet foresees and foretells. The Poet fore-feels and forthtells. The Prophet and the Poet are twin souls.

Why do the Hebrew Psalms compose so large a part of the devotional reading of Christendom? In an age passionately fond of facts, why do we go back to Judea, where there was no scientific spirit, for the statement of our faith? Because those songs embody the interior facts of human life. They are history "writ large."

Sin and sorrow and strife and death; pardon and comfort and peace and the dream of deathless life;—these constitute the biography of the soul.

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FOREWORD

Science has done much for us in diminishing labor and increasing productive power; in the relief of suffering and the improvement of general conditions. But Death remains unconquered. We still must yield to "the oldest custom of the race." No art can touch the mouldering lip to speech, nor stir the pulseless heart to beat again. Until the end of time must mourners sit by wayside graves, uncomforted save by those inner hopes, desires, longings, of which the Poet is the best interpreter.

It is true, the science that teaches the conservation of energy renders immortality antecedently probable; the philosophy that assures us of the survival of the type offers us a kind of life after death; a certain sense of justice whispers "It should be so;" and even the agnostic echoes, "It may be so." But the Poet speaks in no uncertain tone. Whether relying on the validity of consciousness, as in "The Pagan Questioning Death," he says,

"Yet has my soul within the gift of seeing,
I know I cannot die ;"

FOREWORD

or, trusting the integrity of instinct, he affirms,

“The Law that writes Migration in the birdling’s breast
Writes Immortality in mine ;”

or, accepting the historicity of Jesus’ resurrection, he declares,

“Because He lives, I, too, shall live !
My body to the dust I give,
My spirit to the skies,”

the Poet speaks the word we yearn to hear.

He knows, by discernment of reasonableness if not by process of reason ; he sees with eyes tears cannot dim ; he feels a Force he may not name, and Nature joins with Faith in the Poet’s assurance of immortality.

The editor of this volume acknowledges his indebtedness to various publishers and authors for kind permission to print many copyrighted poems ; especially to D. Appleton & Company, for William Cullen Bryant’s poems ; The Lothrop Publishing Company, for Paul Hayne’s ; The Century Company, for Mary Mapes Dodge’s ; The Bobbs-Merrill Company,

FOREWORD

for Frank Stanton's and J. Whitcomb Riley's ;
and Houghton, Mifflin & Company, for Edward
Rowland Sill's, Mary Clemmer Ames', Edward
Clarence Stedman's, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's,
James Russell Lowell's, Phœbe Cary's, John
Greenleaf Whittier's, and Lucy Larcom's.

CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON.

OXFORD STREET, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

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LIFE AND DEATH

LIFE AND DEATH



PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form,
And the strong man must go :
For the journey is done, and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !

PROSPICE

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes
and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the
brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that
rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

Robert Browning.

THE TWO MYSTERIES

[At the funeral of a friend, Walt Whitman held a little child upon his knees. The old poet was heard to say to the child, "You do not know what it means, dear, do you? No, neither do we."]

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still ;

The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill ;

The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call ;

The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

WE know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain ;

This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.

We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,

Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

THE TWO MYSTERIES

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they
should come this day,
Should ask us, "What is life?" not one of us
could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can
be,
Yet oh! how sweet it is to us, this life we live
and see.

They might say, these vanished ones—and
blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet, to us, beloved! though we
may tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery
of death;
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery
of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with
knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little chil-
dren sent.

THE TWO MYSTERIES

Nothing is known ! But I believe that God is
overhead ;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the
dead.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE TWO ANGELS

I DREAMED I saw two angels hand in hand,
And very like they were, and very fair.
One wore about his head a golden band ;
A thorn-wreath crowned the other's matted
hair.

The one was fair, and tall, and white of brow ;
A radiant spirit smile of wondrous grace
Shed, like an inner altar-lamp, a glow
Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other's face, like marble-carved Grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er with
pain,
With lips that never knew a smile's relief,
And eyes like violets long drenched in rain.

Then spake the fair sweet one, and gently
said :

“ Between us—Life and Death—choose thou
thy lot.

THE TWO ANGELS

By him thou lovest best thou shalt be led ;
Choose thou between us, soul, and fear thou
not."

I pondered long. "O Life," at last I cried,
"Perchance 'twere wiser Death to choose ;
and yet
My soul with thee were better satisfied !"
The angel's radiant face smiled swift regret.

Within his brother's hand he placed my hand ;
"Thou didst mistake," he said in under-
breath,
"And choosing Life, didst fail to understand.
He with the thorns is Life, and I am
Death."

Laura Spencer Porter.

**“LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO
FALL.”**

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous
hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
prayer—
But all for Thee, thou mightiest of the
earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and
wine ;

“LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL”

There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripening bloom to seize their
prey.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely
crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

“LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL”

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the
sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden
grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for
thee ?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets
lie ?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art
there.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
Death !

Felicia Hemans.

WAITING

I wait,
Till in white death's tranquillity
Shall softly fall away from me
This weary dust's infirmity,
That I in brighter light may learn
The larger truth I may discern,
The larger love for which I yearn.

I wait,
Till from my veiled brow shall fall
This baffling cloud, this wearying thrall,
Which holds me now from knowing all;
Until my spirit sight shall see
Into all being's mystery—
See what it really is, to be.

Mary Clemmer.

**“AND COULD WE CHOOSE THE
TIME.”**

AND could we choose the time and choose
aright,

'Tis best to die, our honor at the height.

When we have done our ancestors no shame,

But served our friends and well secured our
fame ;

Then should we wish our happy life to close,

And leave no more for fortune to dispose ;

So should we make our death a glad relief

From future shame, from sickness and from
grief :

Enjoying while we live the present hour,

And dying in our excellence and flower.

Then round our death-bed every friend should
run,

And joyous of our conquest early won ;

While the malicious world with envious tears

Should grudge our happy end and wish it
theirs.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I am nearer home to-day
Then I have been before :

Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the cross,
And nearer to the crown ;

But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream
Crossed ere we reach the light.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT

Jesus, confirm my trust ;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee when I stand
Upon the shore of death.

Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.

Phæbe Cary.

THE SPAN OF LIFE

NATIVITY

NIGHT—and the stars aflame, and the angels
near,
Life and Death, and a new-born soul are here ;
Dawn—and the stars are pale, and ceases the
pain,
And Death is gone, and Life and Love remain.

MOTHERHOOD

Morn—and a man-child's lips at a woman's
breast,
Morn—and joy and sleep ; let the mother rest,
Long hath the journey been through the Vale
of Shade,
Past the anguish and terror, the price of the
peril paid.

INFANCY

Days and weeks—and pride in a mind's un-
folding,
Weeks and months—and the marvel of growth
beholding,

THE SPAN OF LIFE

Wonder at flower and star, wonder not understanding,
Wonder at self and the world, the other self
slowly expanding.

CHILDHOOD

Years—and the eager struggle of childish
endeavor,
Trying and failing, and heart in the future
forever,
Great in the prescient assurance of empire to-
morrow,
Great in unwisdom of life's heavy burden of
sorrow.

YOUTH

Strength—and the strenuous wings of ardent
ambition,
Promise of ladhood approaching splendid fruition,
Knowledge and honor, and truth and passionate
power,
Purpose potential to crowd with events every
hour.

THE SPAN OF LIFE

MANHOOD

Noon on the dial—and heat and fire of the
 strife,
Dust of the battle with fate, but abundance of
 life,
Abundance of courage and joy, and human
 affection,
Abundance of motive and action, and moral
 reflection.

OLD AGE

Evening and dusk—and the wearying labor is
 ended,
Twilight and quiet—and darkness and daylight
 are blended ;
Steps of a pilgrim arrived at the inswinging
 portal,
And darkness is lost in the dawn of a morning
 immortal.

Charles C. Albertson.

A MORNING THOUGHT

WHAT if some morning, when the stars were
paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was
clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the
presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near ;

And should I tell him, as he stood beside me,
“ This is our earth—most friendly earth, and
fair ;

Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

“ There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships
dear.

But stay not, spirit ; earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death ; flee, lest he find thee
here !”

A MORNING THOUGHT

And what if then, while the still morning
brightened,

And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is
Death !"

Edward Rowland Sill.

“COULD WE BUT KNOW”

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows
low,—
Ah, if beyond the spirit's utmost cavil,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that were love-lit only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE SLEEP

“He giveth his beloved sleep.”—*Psalm cxxvii. 2.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
“He giveth his beloved sleep?”

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

THE SLEEP

“Sleep soft, beloved !” we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber when
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap !
 O strife, O curse, that o’er it fall !
 God strikes a silence through you all,
And “giveth his beloved sleep.”

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,

THE SLEEP

That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on his love repose,
Who "giveth his beloved sleep!"

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth his beloved sleep."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

BURIED TO-DAY

BURIED to-day :

When the soft green buds are bursting out,
And up on the south wind comes a shout
Of village boys and girls at play
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,

Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their right from
him,
And put low, low underneath the clay,
In his spring—on this spring day.

Passes away

All the pride of boy-life begun,
All the hope of life left to run ;
Who dares to question when One saith “ Nay ! ”
Murmur not—only pray.

BURIED TO-DAY

Enters to-day

Another body in churchyard sod,
Another soul on the life in God ;
His Christ was buried—and lives away ;
Trust Him, and go your way.

Dinah Mulock Craik.

DEATH IN ARABIA

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

“Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and cold and white as snow,
And ye say, ‘Abdullah’s dead,’
Weeping at the foot and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers,
Yet I smile, and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie,
It was mine, it is not I.

“Faithful friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
’Tis an empty seashell—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;

DEATH IN ARABIA

The shell is broken—it lies there ;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
A treasure of his treasury.
A mind that loved him—let it lie !
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store !

“Sweet friends ! what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last
Like a bird my soul has passed,
Love the inmate, not the room ;
The wearer, not the garb ; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

“Allah glorious ! Allah good !
Now thy world is understood !
Now the long, long wonder ends,
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,

DEATH IN ARABIA

While the man whom you call dead,
In unspoken bliss instead
Lives, and loves you—lost, 'tis true,
To the light that shines for you,
But in a light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity,
In a perfect Paradise,
And a love that never dies.

“ Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain—
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when they enter
Life that is of all life centre.

“ I am gone before your face
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
You will wonder why ye wept.
You will learn, by true love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.

DEATH IN ARABIA

“Be ye stout of heart and come
Bravely onward to your home.
LA IL ALLAH—ALLAH LA !
O love divine ! O love alway !”

He who died at Azan gave
This to them who made his grave.
Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE TAKEN TO THE LEFT

No ; it is not dying
Thus to fall asleep
As the work-day closes,
And the shadows deep
Tell of rest arriving,
Slumbers long and light,
With a still lamp burning
In the heart of night.

No ; it is not dying :
We are both with Him
Who is Lord of all the worlds,
Whether bright or dim.
If we sleep or if we wake
We will keep our tryst,
When the Sign upon the sky
Brings the Day of Christ.

No ; it is not dying :
Sure, unwearied arms

THE TAKEN TO THE LEFT

Are beneath me, saving
From the last alarms.
I am sinking thither,
Very full of rest,
As a bird with broken wings
Sinks into its nest.

W. Robertson Nichol.

"IT IS NOT DEATH"

It is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

“IT IS NOT DEATH”

Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die !
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Cæsar H. A. Malan.

Tr. by G. W. Bethune.

NOT ALONE

THAT solemn hour will come for me,
When, though their charms I own,
All human ties resigned must be ;
For I must die alone.

All earthly pleasures will be o'er,
All earthly labors done,
And I shall tread the eternal shore,
And I must die alone.

But O, I will not view with dread
That shadowy vale unknown :
I see a light within it shed ;
I shall not die alone !

One will be with me there, whose voice
I long have loved and known ;
To die is now my wish, my choice :
I shall not die alone !

Unknown.

THERE IS NO DEATH

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

THERE IS NO DEATH

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

E. Bulwer Lytton.

THE DEATH OF DEATH

AND did you know our old friend Death is dead?

Ah me! he died last night; my ghost was there,

And all his phantom friends from everywhere
Were sorrowfully grouped about his bed.

"I die; God help the living now!" he said

With such a ghastly pathos, I declare

The tears oozed from the blind eyes of the
air

And spattered on his face in gouts of red.

And then he smiled the dear old bony smile

That glittered on us in that crazy whim

When first our daring feet leapt the defile

Of life, and ran so eagerly to him:

And so he smiled upon us, even while

The kind old sockets grew forever dim.

J. Whitcomb Riley.

TEACH US TO DIE

WHERE shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary,
Where, through each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most high,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade
His long last prayer he pray'd,
When on the cross to heaven
His parting spirit was given,
He showed that to fulfil
The Father's gracious will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

Dean Stanley.

LIKE ONE WHO WALKETH IN A PLENTEOUS LAND

LIKE one who walketh in a plenteous land,
By flowing waters, under shady trees,
Through sunny meadows, where the summer
bees

Feed in the thyme and clover ; on each hand
Fair gardens lying, where of fruit and flower
The bounteous season hath poured out its
dower :

Where saffron skies roof in the earth with light,
And birds sing thankfully towards heaven,
while he

With a sad heart walks through this jubilee,
Beholding how beyond this happy land
Stretches a thirsty desert of gray sand,
Where all the air is one thick, leaden blight,
Where all things dwarf and dwindle,—so
walk I,

Through my rich, present life, to what beyond
doth lie.

Frances Anne Kemble.

WHY MUST MAN DIE?

WHY must man die? It is not just
That he should crumble into dust!
Our hopes that link us with the sky,
Mere rings of smoke! Why must we die?
The blossom, touched with blighting frost,
Shrivels and falls and ends in death;
And must man's radiant dreams be lost,
Frail as the morning's misty breath?

No longer with vain doubts contend,
Nor let grim death thy soul affright;
We have an ever-living Friend
In Him who dwells above all height.
Hope is the spirit's azure sky;
Sublime, star-filled, it springs above;
Joy, my soul! thou canst not die!
Thou hast a God—and God is love.

The sun that sinks in western skies
Uplifts the radiant rim of morn

WHY MUST MAN DIE?

The while, elsewhere, to other eyes ;
So we in other worlds are born.
Man shall not die ! Thought shall not die !
'Tis not the type alone survives ;
Beyond the utmost azure sky
The spirit lives the life of lives !

John S. Van Cleve.

LIFE OUT OF DEATH

LIFE out of death is heaven's unwritten law ;
Nay, it is written in a myriad forms ;
The victor's palm grows on the fields of war,
And strength and beauty are the fruit of
storms.

Come, then, my soul, be brave to do and bear ;
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet ;
The cross will soon be left, the crown we'll
wear,—
Nay, we will cast it at the Master's feet.

And up among the glories never told,
Sweeter than music of the marriage-bell,
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold
To the glad song, He doeth all things well.

Henry Burton.

SWEET IS THE THOUGHT

SWEET is the thought that some day
 I shall rest.
Some day the good, glad sun will rise
 Above the crest
Of billowed hill in ocean skies
 The world to bless,
But it will greet my tired eyes
 At rest—sweet rest.

Sweet is the thought that some night
 I shall sleep.
Some night the sorrowing stars will rise
 And peep
From out the mother-skirt of nightly skies ;
 But I shall weep
Not back within their answering eyes,
 For I shall sleep.

John Moore.

“FOR LIFE TO ME IS AS A STATION”

For life to me is as a station
Wherein, apart, a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands—

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

O. M. Conover.

AMONG THE DEAD

My days among the dead are passed ;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
 I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

AMONG THE DEAD

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them will travel on
Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Robert Southey.

“YES, I SHALL SLEEP”

YES, I shall sleep ! Some sunny day,
When blossoms in the wind are dancing,
And children at their cheerful play
Heed not the mournful crowd advancing,
Up through the long and busy street,
They'll bear me to my last retreat.

Or else—it matters not—may rave
The storm, and sleet, and wintry weather
Above the bleak and new-made grave,
Where care and I lie down together.
Enough that I shall know it not,
Beneath, in that dark, narrow spot.

For I shall sleep ! As sweet a sleep
As ever graced a babe reposing
Awaits me in the cell so deep,
Where I, my weary eyelids closing,
At length shall lay me down to rest,
Heedless of clods above my breast.

“YES, I SHALL SLEEP”

Asleep ! how still this pulse will lie,
Rid of life's throb that beats so wildly !
How calm will be this restless eye,
Erst bright with tears, now closed so mildly !
For not one dream of earth will come
To haunt the quiet of that home !

Oh, sweet repose ! Oh, slumber blest !
Oh, night of peace !—no storm, no sorrow—
No heavy stirring in my rest,
To meet another weary morrow !
I shall not note or night or dawn,
But still, with folded hands, sleep on.

Sleep on, though just above my head
Scowl sin and misery's haggard faces—
For the dull slumber of the dead
All sense of human woe erases ;
Palsies the heart and cures the brain
Of every fever-throb of pain.

Armies above my rest may tramp—
'T will not disturb one rigid muscle ;

“YES, I SHALL SLEEP”

I should not heed their iron stamp
More than a leaf's complaining rustle;
Nay, were the world convened to break
My leaden sleep, I should not wake.

And yet, methinks, if steps of those
I've known and loved on earth were round
me,
'T would tame the might of my repose,
Shiver the iron cords that bound me—
Save that I know this could not be,
For death disowns all sympathy.

Well, be it so ; since I should yearn,
And weep, and watch for their appearing—
Chiding each ling'ring, late return,
Forever sad, forever fearing—
Living life's drama o'er again,
Its tragedy of hope and pain.

Then weep not, friends, what time ye lay
The warm, moist earth above my ashes;
Think what a rest awaits my clay,
And smooth the mound with tearless lashes—

“YES, I SHALL SLEEP”

**Glad that the wasted form within
Has done at length with care and sin.**

**Think that with him the strife is o'er,
Life's stormy, struggling battle ended;
Hope that his soul has gained that shore
To which, though weak, his footsteps tended;
Breathe the dear hope above his sod,
And leave him to his rest—and God!**

W. A. Urquhart.

IMMORTALITY

5

IMMORTALITY



THE CROWN OF LIFE

AH, what is life ? so brief at best—
A waking between rest and rest ;
An insect's trail along the sand ;
A gem's bright flash upon the hand ;
A wave-line traced on ocean's shore,
Just rippled there, then seen no more ;
A breath upon a frosted pane,
A moment warmed, then chilled again ;
The shadow of a cloud, that stays
Until obscured by passing haze.
Canst think of aught more brief, more fleet,
To image forth Time's flying feet ?
Yet in the " shadow," in the " breath,"
Our love awakes, which knows no death,
And life, which seems so brief to be,
Is crowned by Immortality !

Margaret May.

THIS WORLD IS BUT THE RUGGED ROAD

THIS world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
 Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
 From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
 We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
 The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering
 thought
 To its high state.

THIS WORLD IS BUT THE RUGGED ROAD

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Manrique, tr. by H. W. Longfellow.

“ALL IS NOT BURIED”

It cannot be the brain that soared sublime
Into the height and mysteries of Time,
Now is a pulp wherein corruption thrives,
Or on the fields a little leaven of lime !

Something survives that scorns corruption's
bands,
Something that worked through us its high
commands ;
There is a spirit that moved behind the brain,
And somewhere there's a Home not made with
hands.

All that aspired at last shall find its mark ;
See how each morn the little eager lark
Throbs up the sky all hungry for the dawn,
And finds the punctual light behind the Dark.

O soul, be sure that this must be God's plan
To warm the germ of God concealed in man,

“ALL IS NOT BURIED”

Till it outsoar in scorn the ended flesh,
As seeds the husk in which their life began.

Thus by degrees, on secret promptings fed
By sweet divine illusions charmed and led,
Man pushes on in search of earthy good,
Till, losing earth, he finds God's Heaven
instead.

All, all leads up to that we do not see,
Powers that shall ripen, worlds that yet shall be—
Time like a twilight swallowed up at last
In the broad radiance of eternity.

All is not buried in the great abyss,
Brains that stored truth, and Love that found
its bliss
In death itself: O God Himself is not
So rich to bear such shameful waste as this.
“*The House of Dreams.*”

THE GOD OF THE LIVING

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies !
All souls are thine ; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their words, their
 powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er we be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto thee.

THE GOD OF THE LIVING

O Breather into man of breath !

O Holder of the keys of death !

O Giver of the life within !

Save us from death, the death of sin,

That body, soul, and spirit be

Forever living unto thee !

John Ellerton.

THE THINGS THAT WILL NOT DIE

WHAT am I glad will stay when I have passed
From this dear valley of the world, and stand
On yon snow-glimmering peaks, and lingering
cast

From that dim land
A backward look, and haply stretch my hand,
Regretful, now the wish comes true at last ?

Sweet strains of music I am glad will be
Still wandering down the wind, for men will
hear

And think themselves from all their care set free,
And heaven near

When summer stars burn very still and clear,
And waves of sound are swelling like the sea.

And it is good to know that overhead
Blue skies will brighten, and the sun will
shine,

And flowers be sweet in many a garden bed,
And all divine,

THE THINGS THAT WILL NOT DIE

(For are they not, O Father, thoughts of thine ?)
Earth's warmth and fragrance shall on men be
shed.

And I am glad that night will always come,
Hushing all sounds, even the soft-voiced birds,
Putting away all light from her deep dome,
Until are heard,
In the wide starlight's stillness, unknown
words
That make the heart ache till it find its home.

And I am glad that neither golden sky,
Nor violent lights that linger on the hill,
Nor ocean's wistful blue shall satisfy,
But they shall fill
With wild unrest and endless longing still,
The soul whose hope beyond them all must lie.

And I rejoice that love shall never seem
So perfect as it ever was to be,
But endlessly that inner haunting dream
Each heart shall see
Hinted in every dawn's fresh purity,
Hopelessly shadowed in each sunset's gleam.

THE THINGS THAT WILL NOT DIE

And though warm mouths will kiss and hands
will cling,

And thought by silent thought be understood,
I do rejoice that the next hour will bring
That far-off mood,

That drives one like a lonely child to God,
Who only sees and measures everything.

And it is well that when these feet have pressed
The outward path from earth, 'twill not seem
sad

To them that stay ; but they who love me best
Will be most glad

That such a long unquiet now has had,
At last, a gift of perfect peace and rest.

Edward Rowland Sill.

LIGHT ON THE HILLS

DYING, they lifted his curly head,
And he looked to the East, and smiling said :

“It’s light on the hills !”

And he went away in the morning bright,
With that last sweet quivering word of “Light”
On the lips Death kissed to a silence long . . .
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

And I think that Death, with his icy breath,
Was kind to him ; and I’m friend with Death

For that light on the hills !

Back of it—back of it glooms the Night,
Dark and lonely ; but all was light
When his lips were laid in the silence long . . .
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

If I remember his brief, bright years
With the pang at the heart, with the falling of
tears,

There is light on the hills !

LIGHT ON THE HILLS

But he sleeps beneath, and the light's above,
And something is lost to the world in love.
And heaven knows this; but it does no
wrong . . .
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

"There is light on the hills." So we sing, so
we say,
When God sends His angel to kiss it away—
There is light on the hills!
And we kneel in the darkness, and say that we
trust,
When heaven's not as dear as our love in the
dust!—
At the love that it reaps—that it keeps from us
long . . .
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.
Frank L. Stanton.

“ ’TIS IMMORTALITY DECIPHERS MAN ”

THE witnesses are heard : the cause is o’er.
Let conscience file the sentence in her court,
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey.
Thus sealed by truth, the authentic record runs :
“ Know, all—know, infidels ! (unapt to know !)
’Tis immortality your nature solves ;
’Tis immortality deciphers man,
And opens all the mysteries of his make.
Without it, half his instincts are a riddle ;
Without it, all his virtues are a dream.
His very crimes attest his dignity ;
His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,
Declares him born for blessings infinite.
What less than infinite makes unabsurd
Passions, which all on earth but more inflames ?
Fierce passions, so mismeasured to this scene,
Stretched out, like eagles’ wings, beyond our nest,
Far beyond the worth of all below,
For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the skies.”

Edward Young.

RELEASED

A LITTLE low-ceiled room. Four walls
Whose blank shuts out all else of life,
And crowded close within their bound
A world of pain, and toil, and strife.

Her world. Scarce furthermore she knew
Of God's great globe that wondrously
Outrolls a glory of green earth,
And frames it with the restless sea.

Four closer walls of common pine,
And therein lieth, cold and still,
The weary flesh that long hath borne
Its patient mystery of ill.

Regardless now of work to do,
No queen more careless in her state ;
Hands crossed in their unbroken calm ;
For other hands the work must wait.

RELEASED

Put by her implements of toil,
Put by each coarse, intrusive sign ;
She made a Sabbath when she died
And round her breathes a Rest Divine.

Put by at last beneath the lid
The exempted hands, the tranquil face ;
Uplift her in her dreamless sleep,
And bear her gently from the place.

Oft she hath gazed with wistful eyes
Out from that threshold from the night ;
The narrow bourne she crosseth now,
She standeth in the Eternal Light.

Oft she has pressed with aching feet
Those broken steps that reach the door ;
Henceforth with angels she shall tread
Heaven's golden stair for evermore.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

I GO TO LIFE

I go to life and not to death ;
From darkness to life's native sky ;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.

Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears ;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,
From rags to raiment angel-fair,
From the pale leanness of this flesh
To beauty such as saints shall wear.

I go from chains to liberty,
These fetters will be broken soon ;
Forth over Eden's fragrant fields
I walk beneath a glorious noon.

I GO TO THEE

From toil there comes the crowned rest ;
 Instead of burdens, eagles' wings;
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
 Shall quench at everlasting springs.

God lives ! Who says that I must die ?
 I cannot, while Jehovah liveth !
Christ lives ! I cannot die but live ;
 He life to me forever giveth.

Horatius Bonar.

“THIS IS NOT DEATH”

WHEN we have closed the sad, world-tired eyes
And clasped the hands above the pulseless
breast,

And stand in stricken silence crossed with sighs,
In the dim chamber of untroubled rest—

This is not Death, whose mystic lines invest
The white-robed form with strange and stately
grace,

But the glad passing of our sometime guest
To higher planes and realms of wider space.

It is not Death's chill fingers that endow
With unaccustomed beauty the still face,

And crown with starry majesty the brow
Late seamed with sorrows of our mortal race.
Not Death, but Life, that parting leaves the trace
Of new-found glory on its prison place.

Unknown.

MAN IMMORTAL

OH ! listen, man !

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls : according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality :
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned
seas,

Join in the solemn universal song.

Oh ! listen, ye our spirits : drink it in
From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;
'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories ; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful
eve.

All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched

MAN IMMORTAL

By an unseen living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Richard H. Dana.

THE BLESSED DEAD

THE BLESSED DEAD



“HOW BLEST THE RIGHTEOUS WHEN HE DIES”

How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys :
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

“HOW BLEST THE RIGHTEOUS”

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !
Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

A CHANGE FROM WOE TO JOY

A CHANGE from woe to joy, from earth to
heaven !

Death gives me this ; it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again ! Death answers many a
prayer ;

Bright day, shine on, be glad ! days brighter far
Are stretched before mine eyes than those of
mortals are.

Robert Nicholl.

SLEEP ON, BELOVED

SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast :
We love thee well ; but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night ! good-night ! good-night !

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep ;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep ;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—Good-
night !

Until the shadows from this earth are cast ;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last ;
Until the twilight gloom is overpast—Good-
night !

Until the Easter-glory lights the skies ;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night !

SLEEP ON, BELOVED

Until made beautiful by love divine,
Thou in the likeness of the Lord shall shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night !

Only good-night, beloved, not farewell !
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—Good-night !

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—Good-
night !

Sarah Doudney.

I KNOW THOU HAST GONE TO THE HOME OF THY REST

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad ?

I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad !

Where love has put off in the land of its birth
The stains it had gathered in this,
And hope the sweet singer that gladdened the
earth

Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is
starr'd

With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be
marr'd,

Nor the heart be flung back from its goal.

I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,

That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

T. K. Hervey.

**“HEAR WHAT THE VOICE OF
HEAVEN PROCLAIMS”**

HEAR what the voice of heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead :
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suffering and from sins released
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts.

NOW THE LABORER'S TASK IS O'ER

Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

NOW THE LABORER'S TASK IS O'ER

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”
Calmly now the words we say ;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD

OH, weep not for the dead !
Rather, oh, rather give the tear
To those that darkly linger,
When all besides are fled :
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing :
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on ;
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them the pure, the enfranchised dead.

Mary E. Brooks.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

This ode was composed at the request of Steele, who wrote : “ This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful, dying spirit ; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian’s dying address to his soul put into two or three stanzas for music.” Pope replied with the three stanzas below, and says to Steele in a letter : “ You have it, as Cowley calls it, warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning.”

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

The world recedes, it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
Oh, grave ! where is thy victory ?
Oh, death ! where is thy sting ?
Alexander Pope.

“I CANNOT MAKE HIM DEAD!”

I CANNOT make him dead !
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair ;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes,—he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;
I'm stepping towards the hall
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid,
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

“I CANNOT MAKE HIM DEAD”

Not there ! Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked ; he is not there !

He lives !—in all the past
He lives ; nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
In dreams I see him now ;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, “ Thou shalt see me *there* !”

Yes, we all live to God !
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there.
John Pierpont.

FOREVER

THOSE we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love ; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear one dead:
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear communion that will not grow strange ;
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary
years.
For her who died long since, ah ! waste not
tears,
She's thine unto the end.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

ALL SAINTS

ONE feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
All Saints,—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep;
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light,

ALL SAINTS

The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
In dying eyes by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.

James Russell Lowell.

GIVE THY SERVANT REST

God, give unto Thy servant rest !
Who, finding sorrow all around,
Gave of his strength, until he found
He'd given all of it he had
To make the sorrowing less sad.
Yes, give unto Thy servant rest !

God, give unto Thy servant rest !
Who often helped his neighbor bear
Thy burden, nor his own would share,
Lest some one helping him might weary be.
So, Father, serving man did he serve Thee.
Yes, give unto Thy servant rest !

God, give unto Thy servant rest !
So cheerfully his work begun,
So willingly that work was done,
We never felt how hard the task
His kindly nature made us ask.
Yes, give unto Thy servant rest !

GIVE THY SERVANT REST

God, give unto Thy servant rest !
So quietly he passed along,
So modestly he sang life's song,
We simply loved him without knowing
The strength and greatness he was showing.
Yes, give unto Thy servant rest !

Sherman Hoar.

**“OH, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR
INVISIBLE”**

OH, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring, rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's
search
To vaster issues.

So to live in heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.

“OH, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE”

Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better,—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love,—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,

“OH, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE”

Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense !
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot.

MOURN NOT THE DEAD.

MOURN not the dead who calmly lie
By God's own hand composed to rest ;
For, hark ! A voice from yonder sky
Proclaims them blest—supremely blest.
With them the toil and strife are o'er ;
Their labors end, their sorrows cease ;
For they have gained the blissful shore
Where dwells serene eternal peace.

Mourn not the dead whose lives declare
That they have nobly borne their part,
For victory's golden crown they wear,
Reserved for every faithful heart.
They rest with glory wrapped around,
Immortals on the scroll of fame ;
Their works their praises shall resound,
Their name—an everlasting name.

Drop the warm tear—for Jesus wept ;
Sorrow shall find relief in tears ;

MOURN NOT THE DEAD

But let no secret grief be kept
To waste the soul through nameless years.
They rest in hope ; their hallowed dust
Is watched, and from the grave shall rise ;
Earth shall restore her sacred trust,
Made all immortal for the skies.

J. Loton.

UNTO HIM ALL LIVE

O LORD of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in Thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Our souls are Thine, and here or there,
They rest within Thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.

Thy word is true, Thy ways are just;
Above the requiem "dust to dust"
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.

O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed,
Living or dying, they are blest.

Alleluia!

Frederick L. Hosmer.

PEACEFUL DEPARTURE

BEHOLD the western evening light !

It melts in deepening gloom :
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

PEACEFUL DEPARTURE

And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears :
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore ;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

William B. O. Peabody.

HEAVEN

HEAVEN



“WHAT NO HUMAN EYE HATH SEEN”

WHAT no human eye hath seen, what no mortal
ear hath heard,

What on earth hath never been, in its noblest
flights conferred—

 This hath God prepared in store
 For His people evermore !

When the shaded pilgrim-land fades before the
closing eye,

Then revealed on either hand heaven's own
scenery shall lie ;

 Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
 Now concealing, darkening all,

“WHAT NO HUMAN EYE HATH SEEN”

When this aching heart shall rest, all its busy
pulses o'er,

From her mortal robes undrest, shall my spirit
upward soar :

Then shall unimagined joy

All my thoughts and powers employ.

Lange.

**“THOUGH EARTH HAS STILL
MANY A BEAUTIFUL SPOT”**

THOUGH earth has still many a beautiful spot
As a poet or painter might show ;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright
Is the hope of the heart, and the spirit's glad
sight,
In the land which no mortal may know.

There the water of life, bursting forth from the
throne,
Flows on and forever will flow ;
Its waves as they roll are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there on its margin with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life in its glory and pride
Is fed by that deep inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.

“EARTH HAS STILL A BEAUTIFUL SPOT”

Oh ! who but must pine in this dark vale of
tears,

From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace and the joy and the
love

Of the land which no mortal may know.

Bernard Barton.

CLOUDLESS HEAVEN

No shadows yonder !
All light and song ;
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng ?

No weeping yonder !
All fled away ;
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder !
Time and space never
Again shall sunder ;
Hearts cannot sever ;
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp forever.

CLOUDLESS HEAVEN

None wanting yonder
Bought by the Lamb,
All gathered under
The evergreen palm ;
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.
Horatius Bonar.

WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS OF THE BLEST

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-Born above—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin;
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS OF THE BLEST

Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare ;
Then soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

ZION IS OUR HOME

ZION is our home ;
Jerusalem the city of our God.
O happy home ! O happy children here !
O blissful mansions of our Father's house !
O walks surpassing Eden for delight !
Here are the harvests reaped once sown in tears ;
Here is the rest by ministry enhances ;
Here is the banquet of the wine of heaven,
Riches of glory incorruptible,
Crowns, amaranthine crowns of victory,
The voice of harpers harping on their harps,
The anthems of the holy cherubim,
The crystal river of the Spirit's joy,
The bridal palace of the Prince of Peace,
The Holiest of Holies—God is here.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN

ONE year among the angels, beloved, thou hast
been,

One year has heaven's white portal shut back
the sound of sin ;

And yet no voice, no whisper, comes floating
down from thee,

To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven
may be.

Our hearts before it listen—the beautiful closed
gate :

The silence yearns around us—we listen and we
wait.

It is thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies
bloom ;

In thine immortal garland canst find for these
no room ?

Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking
with us here ;

Now from the heights of heaven seems earth no
longer dear ?

A YEAR IN HEAVEN

We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed
state afar,
Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and
distant star.

Heaven is but life made richer ; therein can be
no loss :
To meet our love and longing thou hast no
gulf to cross ;
No adamant between us uprears its rocky screen ;
A veil before us only—thou hast the light
serene.

That veil 'twixt earth and heaven a breath might
waft aside,
We breathe one air beloved, we follow one dear
Guide ;
Passed into open vision, out of our mist and
rain,
Thou seest how sorrow blossoms, how peace is
won from pain.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN

And half we feel thee leaning from thy deep
calm of bliss,
To say of earth, " Beloved, how beautiful it is !
The lilies in this splendor, the green leaves in
this dew ;
Oh, earth is also heaven, with God's light clothed
anew ! "

Because we know thee near us, and nearer still
to Him
Who fills the cup of being with glory to the
brim,
We will not stain with grieving, our fair, though
fainter light,
But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in
sight.

And as in waves of beauty the swift years come
and go,
Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall flow.
Hearing from that sweet country where blighting
never came,
Love chime the hour immortal, in earth and
heaven the same.

Lucy Larcom.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

HEAVEN is not gained at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To purer air and broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet ;
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope and resolve and aspire and
pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

BEYOND

BEYOND the gloom is glory,
Beyond the cross a crown ;
Not half so sad life's story,
Did we look up, not down.

We need but to rise higher,
Above the clouds and night ;
To feel the heavens nigher
And see the eternal light.

The sowing, then the reaping ;
We pass through death to life ;
Comes gladness after weeping,
And sweet rest after strife.

Earth to-day, heaven to-morrow !
Oh, my soul, since God is there !
Into singing turn thy sorrow,
Into praise thy prayer.

James L. Elderdice.

SAFE TO THE LAND

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
 Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight,
 Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain;
Or day or night, my meat be tears,
 On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smile and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My barque is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

SAFE TO THE LAND

One who has ever known to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me ; when the billows smite
I shall not fall ;
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land !
The end is this ;
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss.

Henry Alford.

INTO THE SILENT LAND

Into the Silent Land our friends are passing,
Their last good-byes are ever in the air ;
Out of the strife of tongues, the Babel of earth's
voices,
They go beyond the reach of time and care.

Into the Summer Land our friends are passing,
Where tempests beat no more on brow or
breast,
Where weariness and woe cannot o'ertake them,
And wayworn travellers find their Sabbath rest.

Into the dear Home Land our friends are
passing,—
They were but strangers and sojourners here,
Their feet have found the Everlasting City,
And, saw we that, there should not be a tear.

Charles C. Albertson.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEeping

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever heating,
I shall be soon.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the rock-waste and the river,

Beyond the ever and the never,

I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar.

SAFE

SAFE ? the battle-field of life
Seldom knows a pause in strife.
Every path is set with snares,
Every joy is crossed by cares.
Brightest morn has darkest night,
Fairest bloom has quickest blight.
Hope has but a transient gleam,
Love is but a passing dream.
Trust is Folly's helpless waif,
Who dare call their dearest safe ?

But thou, though peril loom afar,
What hast thou to do with war ?
Let the wild stream flood its brink,
There's no bark of thine to sink.
Let Falsehood weave its subtle net,
Thou art done with vain regret.
Let Fortune frown and friends grow strange,
Thou hast passed the doom of change.
We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe—
Safe, my Darling, dead, and safe !

S. K.P.

From "Songs of Rest."

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above,—in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose,—in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear,—but heaven.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST

There faith lights up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene,—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

WITHIN THE GATES

As near the graves where sleep my dead I stand
forlorn

Within my heart a bruise, no balm can heal, or
ease,

A voice as softly as a summer's evening breeze,
To me this message breathes: "Look up and
cease to mourn."

Then open swing the gates of pearl, and ere they
close

With eager gaze I peer within, and there behold
The saints in dazzling robes upon the streets of
gold,

With naught to damp their bliss, to break their
sweet repose.

Anon a glimpse I gain of mine in white
arrayed.

How changed they seem! how radiant! how
supremely blest!

WITHIN THE GATES

With sorrow they are done ; from labor there
they rest
Within those holy courts whose splendors never
fade.

Although the vision bright, alas ! was all too
brief,
It banished from my soul the doubts that tor-
tured me
While brooding over graves where I no light
could see,
And made me strong to bear the burden of my
grief.

More real to me the vision grows from day to
day :
The graves at which I wept no more are wrapt
in gloom ;
I deck them still with shrub and flower of fra-
grant bloom—
The tribute custom pays to mute and crumbling
clay.

WITHIN THE GATES

Beyond the touch are they of all my loving
care :

And yet mayhap a wistful glance to earth they
cast ;

Perchance they long that life with me be quickly
past,

That I with them their painless, perfect life may
share.

W. S. McKenzie.

IN HARBOR

I THINK it is over, over—

I think it is over at last :

Voices of foeman and lover,

The sweet and the bitter have passed :

Life, like a tempest of ocean,

Hath outblown its ultimate blast.

There's but a faint sobbing seaward,

While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,

And behold ! like the welcoming quiver

Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,

Those lights in the Harbor at last—

The heavenly Harbor at last.

I feel it is over, over—

The winds and the waters surcease :

How few were the days of the Rover

That smiled in the beauty of peace !

And distant and dim was the omen

That hinted redress or release.

IN HARBOR

From the ravage of Life and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in the Harbor at last?—
For the lights with their welcoming quiver
That throb through the sanctified river,
Which girdles the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last?

I know it is over, over—

I know it is over at last :

Down sail ; the sheathed anchor uncover,

For the stress of the voyage has passed :

Life, like a tempest of ocean,

Hath outblown its ultimate blast.

There's but a faint sobbing seaward,

While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,

And behold ! like the welcoming quiver

Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,

Those lights in the Harbor at last !

The heavenly Harbor at last !

Paul H. Hayne.

THE DAY OF SATISFACTION

WHEN I shall wake on that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child
embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those whom I have
loved,
Clasp in my arms the long removed,
And find how faithful Thou hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

When this vile body shall arise again,
Purged by Thy power from every taint and
stain,
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,
I shall be satisfied.

THE DAY OF SATISFACTION

When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
And praise Him in the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall call to mind the long, long past,
With clouds and storms and shadows overcast,
And know that I am saved and blest at last,
I shall be satisfied.

When every enemy shall disappear,
The darkness, unbelief, and fear ;
When Thou shalt smoothe the brow, and wipe
the tear,
I shall be satisfied.

When every vanity shall pass away,
And all be real, all without decay,
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day,
I shall be satisfied.

Horatius Bonar.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD

FOREVER with the Lord !

Amen, so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam ;

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,

Home of my soul, how near,

At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints

To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery.

PARADISE

ONCE in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise ;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours.
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
And faint the lily on its stem,
And faint the perfect violet,
Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise :
Each bird sat singing in his place ;
A tender song so full of grace,
It soared like incense to the skies.
Each bird sat singing to his mate,
Soft loving notes among the trees ;
The nightingale herself were cold
To such as these.

I saw the fourfold river flow,
And deep it was, with golden sand :
It flowed between a mossy land
With murmured music, grave and low.

PARADISE

It hath refreshment for all thirst,
For fainting spirits strength and rest ;
Earth holds not such a draught as this
 From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there,
Abundant with its twelvefold fruits ;
Eternal sap sustains its roots,
Its shadowy branches fill the air.
Its leaves are healing for the world,
Its fruit the hungry world can feed,
Sweeter than honey to the taste,
 And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful ;
And looked, but scarce could look within ;
I saw the golden streets begin,
And outskirts of the glassy pool.
Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars,
Oh green palm branches many-leaved—
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor heart conceived.

PARADISE

I hope to see these things again,
But not as once in dreams by night ;
To see them with my very sight,
And touch and handle and attain ;
To have all heaven beneath my feet
For narrow way that once they trod ;
To have my part with all the saints,
And with my God.

Christina G. Rossetti.

BERNARD'S THREE HEAVENLY HYMNS

I

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

BERNARD'S THREE HEAVENLY HYMNS

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ;
Thou hast no time, bright day :
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away :
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !

BERNARD'S THREE HEAVENLY HYMNS

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

II

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late :
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate ;
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

BERNARD'S THREE HEAVENLY HYMNS

O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn !
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distressed !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

III

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed :

BERNARD'S THREE HEAVENLY HYMNS

I know not, oh, I know not
What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD'S THREE HEAVENLY HYMNS

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny.

Tr. by J. M. Neale.

PARADISE

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !

Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise ! O Paradise !

The world is growing old ;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold ?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise ! O Paradise !

'Tis weary waiting here ;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.

PARADISE

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !

I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !

I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber.

“THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW”

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven.

And false the light on Glory's plume
As fading hues of even ;
And Love and Hope and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way,
There is nothing calm but Heaven !

Thomas Moore.

I KNOW NOT

I KNOW not where
The glories of the heavenly city are,—
In dazzling sun, in moon, in quivering star,—
Yet faith can pierce the clouds and find Thee
there.

I know not how
To each one of Thy children Thou canst come,
And make within so many hearts Thy home ;
Yet, Lord, I feel Thee dwelling with me now.

I know not when
Thy voice shall reach a soul—hereafter, now—
Yet unto Thee shall every kingdom bow,
Whose voice shall quicken all the sons of men.

How souls shall hear
Thy call—in joy, in effort, failure, loss,
In pain, in patient bearing of a cross—
Thou shalt appoint and unto each be dear.

I KNOW NOT

The wonder strange
Who shall explain, how dreary waste of snow
Into a garden of fair hopes can grow,
Save Thou, O Lord, Who work'st the wondrous change?

What need to know?
When all my questioning is laid to rest—
A seeker spent, upon a tender breast—
Soothed by sweet voice like murmuring waters
flow.

Elizabeth Gibson.

THE HOLY CITY

BATHED in unfallen sunlight,
Itself a sun-born gem,
Fair gleams the golden city,
The New Jerusalem !
City fairest,
Splendor rarest,
Let me gaze on thee !

Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits, all joy and light ;
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal-white ;
Home of gladness,
Free from sadness,
Let me dwell in thee !
Horatius Bonar.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA

THE Land beyond the Sea !
When will life's tasks be o'er ?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and
 roar ?

When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea ?

The Land beyond the Sea !
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams ;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and
 dreams !

It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
How dark our present home !
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
 With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA

The Land beyond the Sea !
Why fadest thou in light ?
Why art thou better seen towards night ?
Dear Land ! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

Frederick William Faber.

RESURRECTION

RESURRECTION



THE EASTER FLOWER

WE buried underneath the snow, one day
In early winter, the beloved clay
Of one our hearts had learned to love.
We wiped away our tears, and looked above
To Him whose life and death assure
The deathless life of all the good and pure.

To-day I visited the "City of the Dead,"
The spring-time sun was warming overhead ;
And just beside the little grassy mound
There peeped a bud, half-opened, from the
ground.

To-morrow it will bloom, and we shall see
God's living pledge of Immortality.

Charles C. Albertson.

THE VISION OF FAITH

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave ?
Canst Thou forget Thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and Thy power to save ?

In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise ?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies ?

Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears :
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make His children way ;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

Timothy Dwight.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.

Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie ;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

These ashes, too, this little dust
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

H. Kirke White.

EASTER ANTHEM

SING with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song !
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong :
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's likeness, man awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace.

O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived !
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits ;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

Life eternal ! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead ;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head !

EASTER ANTHEM

Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

Life eternal ! O what wonders
Crowd on faith ; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne !
Oh, to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
" Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent !"

William J. Irons.

“HE SHALL DO WELL”

“LORD, if he sleep he shall do well,”
Why should we weep, why should a knell,
Dirging and deep, over him swell?

“He shall do well.”

Nobly he wrought, strongly he ran;
Bravely he fought, fought in the van;
Rest hath he sought, he was but man—

“He shall do well.”

See, too, that rest, how calm and deep—
O'er that stilled breast Thou watch dost keep;
To Thine heart pressed, he is asleep.

“He shall do well.”

Till the day break here let him be,
Then shall we wake, glorious and free,
For Thy dear sake like unto Thee!

“He shall do well.”

Unknown.

A HYMN OF HOPE

THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will not
deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb ;

Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before
thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer be-
hold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion
forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered
long ;

A HYMN OF HOPE

But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heardest was the
seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not
deplore thee ;
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide :
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
thee ;
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour has
died.

Reginald Heber.

**“SOWN IN DISHONOR—RAISED IN
GLORY”**

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless as the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

“SOWN IN DISHONOR—RAISED IN GLORY”

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains,
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

“ WHERE THE LORD LAY ”

YES, even the lifeless stone is dear,
For thoughts of Him who late lay here ;
And the bare world, now Christ hath died,
Ennobled is and glorified.

No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay ;—
The imprisoning stone is rolled away.

'Tis now a cell, where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
“ Come, see the place where Jesus lay ! ”
John Keble.

CHRIST HAS RISEN !

O SAD-FACED mourners, who each day are winding
Through churchyard paths of cypress and of
yew,

Leave for to-day the low graves you are tending
And lift your eyes to God's eternal blue !

Leave for to-day all murmuring and sadness ;
Twine Easter lilies, and not asphodels ;
Let your soul answer to the thrill of gladness,
And to the melody of Easter bells.

If Christ were still within the grave's low prison,
A captive to the enemy you dread ;
If from that mouldering cell He had not risen,
Who then could chide the bitter tears you
shed ?

Poor hearts ! the butterfly, with pinions golden
Spurns the gray cell which erst its freedom
barred ;

CHRIST HAS RISEN

And the freed soul, with wings no longer holden,
Smiles back on life as on a broken shard.

If Christ were dead, you would have need to
sorrow ;

But He has risen and conquered death for aye ;
Then dry your tears, if only till the morrow ;
Arise, and give your grief a holiday !

May Riley Smith.

RESTING IN HOPE

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no
more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

RESTING IN HOPE

'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power :
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Horatius Bonar.

“THANKS BE TO GOD”

AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to Thy dying love;
O may we bless Thy grace below,
And sing Thy grace above!

“THANKS BE TO GOD”

Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts.

DEATH CONQUERED

In the bonds of death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain ;
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again.
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice :
Hallelujah !

Of the sons of men was none
Who could break the bonds of death ;
Sin, this mischief dire had done,
Innocent was none on earth ;
Wherefore death grew strong and bold,
Would all men in his prison hold :
Hallelujah !

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite ;
All our sins away hath done,
Done away Death's power and right ;

DEATH CONQUERED

Only the form of death is left,
Of his sting he is bereft :
Hallelujah !

That was a wondrous war I trow,
When Life and Death together fought ;
But Life hath triumphed o'er his foe,
Death is mocked and set at nought ;
'Tis even as the Scripture saith,
Christ through death hath conquered
Death :
Hallelujah !

The rightful Paschal Lamb is He,
On Whom alone we all must live,
Who to death upon the tree,
Himself in wondrous love did give,
Faith strikes his blood upon the door,
Death sees, and dares not harm us more :
Hallelujah !

Martin Luther.

RESURGAM

THE fool asks, "With what flesh ? in joy of
pain ?

Helped or unhelped ? and lonely, or again
Surrounded by our earthly friends ?"

I know not ; and I glory that I do

Not know ; that for eternity's great ends

God counted me as worthy of such trust

That I need not be told.

Out to the earthward brink

Of that great tideless sea,

Light from Christ's garments streams.

Believing thus, I joy, although I lie in dust.

I joy, not that I ask or choose,

But simply that I must.

I love, and fear not ; and I cannot lose,

One instant, this great certainty of peace.

Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease ;

I must arise.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE EASTER SYMBOL

I THINK of Easter as a dawn—

The flushing skies, the passing cloud,
The feeling of a sorrow gone,
A presence pure and gentle-browed.

There comes the bloom of morning rays,
There passes all of gloom and sin;
And down the dew-bejewelled ways
The god of summer enters in.

The past is but a shrivelled leaf,
A written scroll to fade away,
With all it held of joy or grief
Merged in the glory of to-day.

Sweet hope goes down into the tomb
And takes from death a grander life;
Joy rings across the voice of doom,
And peace is gained by every strife.

THE EASTER SYMBOL

The egg expands its pulsing wings,
The twig awakens into flowers,
And from the soul of man there springs
The perfect age of fullest powers.

Over and over all is told,
The stars their orbits still repeat ;
Season to season buds unfold,
And worlds and atoms meet and meet.

There is no loss, there is no gain,
There is no waste of time or force ;
And every act and thought and pain
Are meeting points in nature's course.

And death is not ! the very rocks
Await the resurrection morn,
And fire and storm and change unlocks
The old, and thus the new is born.

So may we live in perfect trust
And in the tempest stand serene,
For God will re-create the dust
Though countless ages intervene.

THE EASTER SYMBOL

The wrong shall vanish in the right,
The evil melt into the good ;
For as the day includes the night,
The false is true when understood.

Thus all is rounded in a song,
The song of hope, the song of youth,
The music of a mighty throng
On the eternal hills of Truth.

O Spirit of the Easter time,
To all the sweet assurance give,
And swell the sound in voice and chime :
"Though ye were dead, yet shall ye live."

Richard Lew Dawson.

REST

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet.
Rest from all labor now.

Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye ;
Through these parched lips of thine no
more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing !
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

REST

'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power :
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.
Horatius Bonar.

RECOGNITION

RECOGNITION



AS WE ARE KNOWN

WE walk alone through all life's various ways,
Through light and darkness, sorrow, joy, and
change ;

And greeting each to each, through passing
days—

Still we are strange.

We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong
grasp ;

We hear their voices, look into their eyes ;
And yet betwixt us in that clinging clasp
A distance lies.

We cannot know their hearts, howe'er we may
Mingle thought, aspiration, hope, and prayer ;
We cannot reach them, and in vain essay
To enter there.

AS WE ARE KNOWN

Still, in each heart of hearts a hidden deep
Lies, never fathomed by its dearest, best ;
With closest care our purest thoughts we keep,
And tenderest.

But, blessed thought, we shall not always so
In darkness and in sadness walk alone ;
There comes a glorious day when we shall
know

As we are known.

Eleanor Gray.

OVER THE RIVER

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing
tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gate of the city we could not see ;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet !

OVER THE RIVER

She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail ;
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning
hearts—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of
day ;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

OVER THE RIVER

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

Nancy Woodbury Priest.

BEYOND

WE must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love
for life is only given,
And that the calm and sainted dead will meet
estranged and cold in heaven :—
Oh, love were poor and vain indeed, based on so
harsh and stern a creed.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her
science, learning, wealth and power—
Slow growths that through long ages came, or
fruits of some convulsive hour,
Whose very memory must decay—Heaven is
too pure for such as they.

They are complete ; their work is done. So let
them sleep in dreamless rest.
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be,
fully blest ;
It has no room to spread its wings amid this
crowd of meaner things.

BEYOND

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below,
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe,
Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise again.

So if its flame burn pure and bright, here, where our air is dark and dense,
And nothing in this world of night lives with a living so intense ;
When it shall reach its home at length—how bright its light ! how strong its strength !

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know
What was our Life of Life when here,—the hearts we loved so much below,—
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.

BEYOND

But Love is no such soulless clod ; living, perfected it shall rise

Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies :

And that which makes this life so sweet shall render Heaven's joy complete.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

VENTURI SALUTAMUS

OUR beloved have departed,
While we tarry, heavy-hearted,
In the dreary, empty house:
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory,
Over death victorious.

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly ;
On we travel, daily, nightly,
To the rest that they have found.
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast, to meet forever
On more holy, happy ground ?

On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here ;
Meeting soon, and met forever !
Glorious Hope, forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear !

VENTURI SALUTAMUS

Ah ! the way is shining clearer,
As we journey ever nearer
To the everlasting home ;
Comrades, who await our landing,
Friends, who round the throne are standing,
We salute you, and we come !

Lange.

“FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS”

FRIEND after friend departs :
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone :
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

“FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS”

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.
James Montgomery.

A MEETING

I CAN recall so well how she would look—

How, at the very murmur of her dress
On entering the door, the whole room took
An air of gentleness.

That was so long ago, and yet his eyes
Had always, afterwards, the look that waits
And yearns, and waits again, nor can disguise
Something it contemplates.

May we imagine it? the sob, the tears,
The long, sweet, shuddering breath; then, on
her breast,
The great, full, flooding sense of endless years
Of heaven, and her, and rest.

From "Songs of Rest."

**“WE COULD NOT LOVE EACH
OTHER”**

WE could not love each other : worlds
On worlds piled ever higher
Would part like banked clouds lightning-cleft
By our two souls' desire.

Life ne'er divided us : Death tried,
But could not—Love's voice fine
Came luring through the dark—then ceased,
And I am wholly thine.

Dinah Mulock Craik.

“HOW SHALL I KNOW THEE?”

How shall I know thee in the sphere that keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me
there—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were
given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer;
Shall it be vanished from thy tongue in
heaven?

“HOW SHALL I KNOW THEE?”

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the
same ?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

William Cullen Bryant.

WITH THE LORD

Love craves the presence and the sight of all its
well-beloved,
And therefore weep we in the homes whence
they are far removed ;
Love craves the presence and the sight of each
beloved one,
And therefore Jesus spake the word which
caught them to His throne.
Thus heaven is gathering, one by one, in its
capacious breast
All that is pure and permanent and beautiful
and blest.
The family is scattered yet, though of one home
and heart,
Part militant in earthly gloom, in heavenly
glory part.
But who can speak the rapture when the circle
is complete,
And all the children sundered now around one
Father meet ?

WITH THE LORD

One fold, one Shepherd, one employ, one everlasting home.

“Lo, I come quickly.” “Even so, amen, Lord Jesus, come!”

E. H. Bickersteth.

UNDYING LOVE

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions, of the earth—
They perish where they have their birth.
But love is indestructible ;
Its holy flame forever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth,
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest ;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.
Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy !

UNDYING LOVE

Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ?

Robert Southey.

“TILL DEATH US PART”

“TILL death us part,”
Thus speaks the heart
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
For better and for worse,
Through blessing and through curse,
We shall be one till life's last hour shall come.

Life with its myriad grasp
Our yearning souls shall clasp
By ceaseless love and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure
Indissolubly sure
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till death us join!
Oh, word yet more divine,
Which to the breaking heart breathes hope
sublime!
Through wasted hours,
And shattered powers,
We still are one, despite of change and time.

“TILL DEATH US PART”

Death with his healing hand
Shall knit once more the band,
Which needs but that one link that none may
sever ;
Till through the only Good,
Seen, felt, and understood,
The life in God shall make us one forever.

Dean Stanley.

THE DEAD FRIEND

Nor to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear !
The spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbbed in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The spirit is not there !
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave,
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The spirit is not there !

Often together have we talked of death :
How sweet it were to see

THE DEAD FRIEND

All doubtful things made clear ;
How sweet it were, with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of heaven !
O Edmund ! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity !
I look upon the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund, we did not err !
Sure I have felt thy presence ! thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstained and
pure.

Edmund, we did not err !
Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy ;
The soul outgrows them not ;
We do not cast them off.
Oh, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

THE DEAD FRIEND

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved !
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude ;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse :
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

Robert Southey.

ONE FOREVER

STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love ;

Yet must we part, and parting weep ;
What else has earth for us in store ?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep !
Our farewell words, how sad and sore !

Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy :

Where none shall beckon us away,
Nor bid our festival be done ;
Our meeting-time the eternal day,
Our meeting-place the eternal throne.

ONE FOREVER

There, hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

Horatius Bonar.

THE LARGER HOPE

THE LARGER HOPE



THE FINAL GOAL

O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

THE FINAL GOAL

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.
Alfred Tennyson.

NO MORE SEA

LIFE of our life, and Light of all our seeing,
How shall we rest on any hope but Thee ?
What time our souls, to Thee for refuge fleeing,
Long for the home where there is no more sea ?

For still this sea of life with endless wailing,
Dashes above our heads its blinding spray,
And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and
failing,
Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean
Of sin and doubt that lures us to our grave ;
When its wild billows, with their mad com-
motion,
Would sweep us down—then only Thou
canst save.

And deep and dark the fearful gloom unlighted
Of that untried and all-surrounding sea,

NO MORE SEA

On whose bleak shore arriving—lone—be-
nighted,

We fall and lose ourselves at last—in Thee.

Yea ! in Thy life our little lives are ended,
Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall ;
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves—Thou hold'st
us all !

Eliza Scudder.

“I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP”

[The following verses were found under a dead soldier's pillow at Port Royal in 1862. They had comforted him “when heart and flesh failed.”]

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head
I only seek to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor brave—all that is past;
I'm ready *not* to do—
At last, at last.

My good right hand
Forgets its cunning now;
To march the weary march,
I know not how.

“I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP”

My half-day's work is done,
And that is all my part ;
I give a patient God
My patient heart ;

And grasp His banner still,
Though all the stars be dim ;
For stripes as well as stars
Lead up to Him.

Weak, weary, and uncrowned,
I yet to bear am strong ;
Content not e'en to cry :
“ How long ! How long ! ”
Mary W. Howland.

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that, the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark ;

For though from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

WITHIN the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings :
I know that God is good.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

John G. Whittier.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of
day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way !

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

TO A WATERFOWL

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

HE LEADS US ON

He leads us on
By paths we did not know ;
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years ;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and
fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled
maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know His will is done ;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife—
After the restless fever we call life—

HE LEADS US ON

After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in
vain,

After our toils are past—
Will give us rest at last.

Unknown.

“SPEAK THOU, AVAILING CHRIST”

WHEN some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's
sigh—

Nor reason's subtle count! Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew—
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress
trees

To the clear moon: nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted,—nor the angels' sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ! and fill this pause.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

